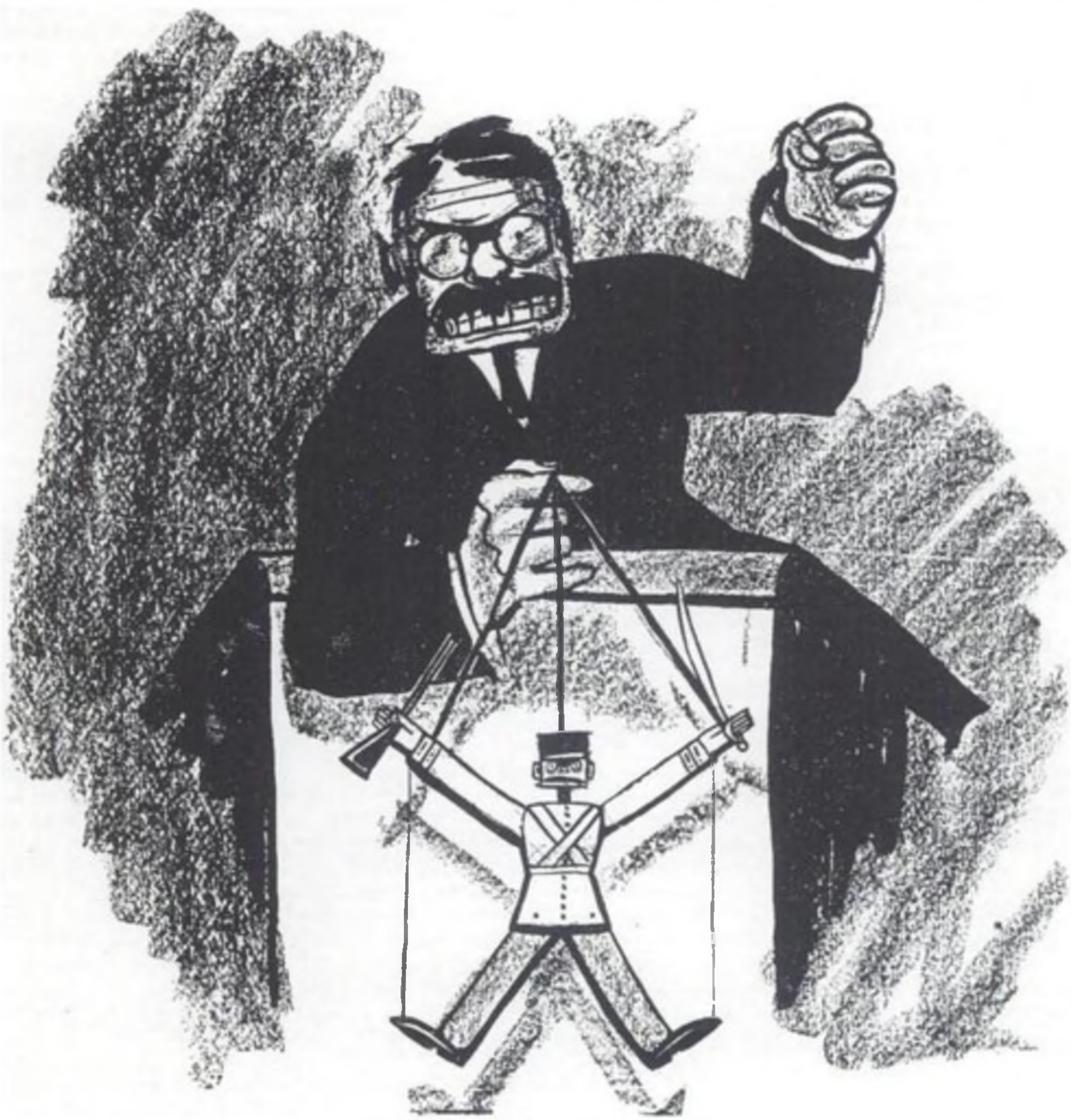
THE BLAST

LYDIA GIBSON

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Behold the Enemy! Prepare!

Patriotism

Dyer D. Lum

LOVE for home, for the spot around which cluster tender reminiscences of youth, where childhood's happy years were passed and with which we associate memories of loved ones now gone from us, is one of the most sacred sentiments. In the extension of that sentiment to the larger home, to the association of those speaking a common language, having common interests and wants, and sharing the same joys and sorrows, where race and language united and government did not oppress, love for fatherland also naturally followed. The national was an extension of the home idea; it carried with it the same careful protection, the same sense of dependence, the same guidance of wayward feet and solicitude for personal welfare.

But the "children of larger growth" look back with different emotions upon their life course. Children are growing to maturity whose tenderest years were associated with want; where home was a tenement in which discord and penury ruled; where early years were associated with factory life; where a father's love and a mother's smile were overcast by care, scrimping anxiety and nervous exhaustion; where want overlaid sentiment with the sordid veneering of selfishness, and physical exhaustion but led to moral deterioration.

The genius of fatherland became transformed into a driving, relentless task-master, with strong arms to lay burdens, not to caress; with a purpose foreign to that of parental guidance, a purpose to which their lives were subservient, a purpose to which their days became a weary round of exhaustive and ill-requited toil and their nights alone a period of relief; where blessing came in forgetfulness and despair with the return of wakefulness.

Our patrios today is capital; beneath his guidance we learn to direct our feeble steps in infancy, employ our hands in youth, drag our wearied limbs in middle life, and bend our aching backs in age. The god of birth, it welcomes us as a unit in the supply of labor; the god of marriage, it presides over the law of supply and demand and counts on prospective gain through increased competition; as god of old age, it provides us with a work-house or a pauper burial.

The transformation is complete. Uncle Sam has doffed his blue swallow-tail for broadcloth. Grown paunch-bellied, his nether garments are cut to measure and we make them. His genial face is pinched by avarice, the idyllic love becomes insatiate greed, and his task-masters' stripes, red with our blood, become the "flaunting lie" of civilization.

Awakened at last we refuse further obeisance to the American fetich—a striped rag!

Don't Become a Murderer!

YOUNG MAN! You whom the government is trying to entice into the army and navy, beware! Bethink yourself before taking the step. Consider what you are about to do, and the purpose you are to serve. Ask yourself the meaning of military service and of war. Do you want to prepare for murder? Do you want to be trained for wholesale slaughter and, when ordered, to kill your fellow-men, men like yourself, whom you have never even seen and who never did you any harm? Think of it, and if there is a spark of manhood in your heart, you will be filled with horror and disgust at the very thought of military service.

You may be one of the unemployed, without money or friends. But better a hundred times to suffer need and hunger than to don the uniform that stands for cowardly obedience and the murder of your brothers. Consider that it is this military power which you are asked to join, that is upholding the conditions which are keeping you and thousands of others in starvation and misery. If you put on the uniform, you help to strengthen and perpetuate this power and you become the blind tool of the class that robs and kills under the guise of patriotism. It pays them well. They even instill the little school-children with the spirit of boastful jingoism and murderous hatred, because patriotism enlarges profits and increases dividends. Do you want to help them?

It is unworthy of a thinking man to be a blind, obedient tool. But still more unworthy it is to train oneself for the purpose and to subject oneself to humiliation and inhuman treatment in order to learn how to kill and murder.

Young Man! You are a poor man, a child of the poor. It is a terrible and shameful spectacle that in every land the sons of the workingmen constitute the army whose purpose it is to perpetuate the slavery of labor. Can you complain of oppression and exploitation if you lend yourself to uphold the system of economic robbery, if you take up arms to defend it? As long as there are enough young men who permit themselves to be driven to slaughter like a herd of sheep and who are willing to participate in expeditions of robbery and murder (for that's what war really is), just so long the possessing classes will continue to rob and to murder, to slaughter by the wholesale and exterminate whole countries. You, the sons of the people, you young workingmen of the land, you alone can put an end to these terrible things and their frightful consequences, by refusing to join the army and navy, by refusing to be used as hangmen, manhunters and watchdogs.

Already "great" generals and other well-paid patriots speak of conscription. They want to introduce forced military service in this country, as has been done by the tyrannies of Europe. It is time to show them that the people see through their infamous schemes. Let the young generation remain away from the recruiting offices and refuse to be used as food for cannon.

The mission of the soldier is no different from that of the professional cutthroat who kills a man to order, except that the soldier receives less pay for his services, though he must be prepared not only for one murder but for wholesale killing. In bitter irony of his position, he is even commanded to sing the praises of the Lord who is supposed to be love and justice personified, and who is said to have commanded, "Thou shalt not kill."

The military uniform that seems so gay holds nothing but subjection and humiliation for the common soldier, and only a very meagre existence. He gets the mere crumbs when the glory and the profits of the bloody game of war are distributed. For the glory is all for the generals, the diplomats and statesmen, and the dollars are pocketed by the swindling suppliers of provisions, the cannon makers and manufacturers of arms, the ship builders and steel trust magnates. Young man, can you not understand why all these people with their hired slave drivers and paid newspaper writers are so patriotic? They are at all times ready to sacrifice the lives of poor devils for "the honor of the country." It means profit for them, and for that they cheerfully send to slaughter thousands who have been careless enough to fall into the net spread by the gaily decked agents of hell.

Beware of their traps! Too late will be regret when you are already caught. According to statistics about five per cent. of the men desert from the United States Army. It is a striking proof that the fine promises of the merry and happy life of military service are nothing but a lie and a snare. Don't be duped, young man. Your true interest lies with the great body of the toilers, in solidaric effort with the producers to possess themselves of the land and tools of production for the use and benefit of all.

Down with the slaughter of mankind!

Long live humanity!

Two Spirits

MILITARISM

SON of Mars! tempestuous spirit,
Cursed in every thought and deed!
Man from thee all power inherit,
Labor loses half its merit,
Serving as the tool of greed.
Thou gives force to human passion,
Animates the brute in self,
Making avarice the fashion,
Crushing love in greed for pelf.

In thy steps comes deprivation
From the land whereon we tread.
Thou gives landlords their vocation,
To place rent against starvation,
Or a grave for loved ones dead.
Turning men to rapine's measures
Wrangling christians interest seek,
And derive their greatest pleasures
Squeezing profits from the weak.

INDUSTRIALISM

Son of Pax! From tumult turning,
Healing on thy wings is brought;
Scenes of strife and carnage spurning,
On thy altar love's light burning,
Flowery paths by thee are sought;
Waking sympathetic feeling,
In the rugged breast of man,
Doom of all coercion sealing
Where thy banner heads the van.

Ever onward still advancing,
Commerce yet will yield the place
Where war's offspring now is prancing,
Force and greed and lust enhancing,
And in equity find grace.
Step by step in man's progression
Has been heard thy quiet voice,
Bidding Labor take possession—
In fraternity rejoice.

Peace by Force

IT is a long time since we heard of any king killed in war. Nor have any prime ministers or millionaires been mentioned among the dead heroes. The generals are at the front, sure enough—when their armies retreat.

None of the Rothschilds have as yet coveted the Iron Cross, or the Victoria Cross, or the Legion of Honor. And none of the Krupps, the Creusots, the McViekers or the Duponts have had their precious skins scratched.

The United States is about to follow in Europe's footsteps.

The Carnegie Peace Foundation cost Andy about $10,-000,000. Yet now come Andy's most intimate friends and propose to spend $500,000,000 at a lick and upset his beautiful dream of peace, and Andy never lifts his brogue in protest. Jingoes everywhere argue that the first, last and only requisite for international peace is to increase the army and navy. "Statesmen" in other countries have the same insane notion that the possession of a fancy assortment of murder machines leads to peace. But The Blast utterly fails to see the logic of preparedness. If we prepare, some other nation will prepare a little bit more, and we logically have to go them one better. Carried to its bitter end, the maintenance of peace through increase of armament means the creation of a military caste maintained in idleness, and a ruinous industrial policy of manufacturing engines of destruction that become obsolete as soon as they are finished.

There is a real peace movement going on. Its leaders are not eulogized by a sycophantic press. Quite a few of them are in jail. They are the men in every country who openly advocate anti-militarism—the men who have the courage and honesty to tell the world to disarm—the men

who are trying to open the eyes of workers of one country to the utter folly and brutality of killing workers of another country, whom they have never seen and against whom they have no grievance whatever, for the sole purpose of providing a market for capitalistic "over-production."

If universal peace is to come, it will not be through the lords above but through the workers below.

True, the advocates of anti-militarism have built no peace palaces at The Hague and do not try to create peace tribunals where lawyers can wrangle learnedly to their hearts' content. They act more wisely. They know that men trained for war are ultimately going to pursue their calling. They also know that a body of men skilled in the art of killing will invariably prove itself an instrument of tyranny.

Even George Washington, who as the Second Reader tells us, was an exemplary boy, could not resist the temptation to use his talent, where he "hadn't ought to." And we have no assurance that the breed of statesmen has improved since George's time.

As a matter of economy in blood and treasure, we suggest to those who wish to maintain peace by force, that instead of squandering $500,000,000 for armies and navies to kill millions of innocents, they appropriate, say one million, for the killing of those responsible for war.

We agree with President Wilson that the European war "was brought on by rulers, not by the peoples." A miscellaneous assortment of a hundred kings, diplomats, statesmen, financiers and generals decorating lamp posts in Berlin, Petrograd, London and Paris would soon end the slaughter in Europe.

The Spirit of Commercialism

"Build a lie;—yes, build a lie.
A large one—be not over tender;
Give it a form and raise it high
That all the world may see its splendor.
Then launch it like a mighty ship
On the restless sea of men's opinion,
And the ship shall sail before the gale
Imbued with motion and dominion.
Give it but size and the worst of lies
Shall float about the world forever."

HISTORY past and present proves the poet true. And we may add that even little, petty lies keep afloat a remarkably long time. Their form may change, but their essence remains the same.

In the Dark Ages when the Pope, acting as business agent for Lord Almighty, set the fashion in "morals," every social climber simulated piety in order to meet with approval.

In the days of Louis XIV, when the monarch was the "fountain of honor," the courtier type was in vogue. Dukes and princelings hung about the stairs of the king's mistresses with smirking obeisance, in order to curry favor with his majesty.

Every type or trait that for the time being met with social approval has had in its wake an army of miserable cheats trying to filch a little prestige.

Today Commercialism is the fountain source of lies. Men have ceased to produce for themselves; they produce to sell to others. Salesmanship is lauded as a "science." Anybody can sell to people who really want to buy; salesmanship is fooling people into buying. In the rivalry to unearth new strata of suckers to sell to, every possible form of lying is resorted to. "Tricks of trade," business "shrewdness," sensationalism, adulterating and misbranding of goods, counterfeit trademarks, forged or paid-for testimonials from celebrities, sale of diplomas and medals, "ads" masquerading as news dispatches or editorials,—lies and lies without end, just to sell. Lying by suggestion or association of ideas: a "Quaker" this or a "Royal" that, to suggest integrity, excellence, or purity. Every newspaper, magazine or street car fairly sizzles with lying ads promising anything from the abolition of pimples through the use of some perfumed grease named after the first lady in a leg-show, to the acquisition of near-immortality through drinking malt-whiskey.

The curse of commercialism runs through politics from the White House to the ward heeler. It sets a premium on chicanery, perfidy and all that is low and vulgar. Anything to stay in office; political color changes like a chameleon. Commercialism drives the fearless thinker and teacher out of our colleges and welcomes athletes posing as students. Professionals hungry for prizes pretend enthusiasm for physical culture. Writers dress their dish to the reader's taste, and the thick hide of the editor becomes tender and touchy under the lash of the cash register.

The courtroom is the home of perjury. Experts on handwriting, insanity, poisons or explosives render testimony favorable to the side that hires them. Lawyers plead, not for truth, but for cash. Judges—well, the less said the better; it would be unfit to print and unmailable under our postal laws.

Commercialism is responsible for the smooth-water labor leader who dares not attack fundamental evils or risk a battle with the masters for fear of losing prestige. With lofty patrician disdain he sneers at the storm-and-stress man and refers to him as an "irresponsible agitator." In which attitude he is heartily applauded by the master class who occasionally reward him with a crumb from the political table.

In the name of science, quacks, ambulance chasers, astrologers, healers by prayer and healers by magnetism, "Swamis" and "professors" do a flourishing commercial business. Preachers, pretended followers of the Prince of Peace, pray for more murder machines. Killing men pays better than saving souls. Our Christianity, our "culture," our whole civilization is one monumental fraud.

Nothing short of a revolution can make a thorough change. A revolution whose first step will be the taking over and direct management of the industries by the industrious, the producers. But a revolution presages a new era. And whatever is new lacks prestige, and is consequently scorned by impostors. That is why the greatest integrity of purpose is found in a movement's infancy.

Those who despise labor and seek to live by simulating usefulness are not going to support anything revolutionary. THE BLAST hopes to be a thorn in their flesh. Come on, friends, join us.

—THE BLASTERS

THE BLAST

Revolutionary Labor Weekly
569 Dolores St., San Francisco, Cal.
Mail Address, Box 661 Phone, Park 499

Alexander Berkman, Editor and Publisher
E. B. Morton, Associate Editor M. E. Fitzgerald, Manager

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Muzzling Discontent

IT looks like an organized effort on the part of the Federal Government to silence the voice of protest and revolt in this country.

The press informs us that "Washington is taking a hand in investigating the Chicago poisoning case, with a view of suppressing Anarchist publications and *other obnoxious* agitation." On the heels of this announcement comes the news of the raiding of the office of the *Alarm*, the new Anarchist monthly published in Chicago, the arrest of Emma Goldman in New York, and the arrest of Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon in Los Angeles, as well as threats of numerous other arrests and the suppression of all revolutionary publications.

Evidently Wilson & Co. consider these tactics a necessary step toward Preparedness. They are eager to discredit the anti-militarist movement, and thus gain an additional argument for strengthening the hands of the government. The pressure of the overlords on the White House professor must be pretty strong to make him forget his history. We want to remind him that, in the long run, suppression has never suppressed. People have a way of objecting to stink. Such objection may be very unpleasant to those who deal in the article, but you can't prevent people from smelling bad odors, unless you abolish the swamp that breeds them.

Preparedness may well serve to muzzle the people—for a while, but the Federal power isn't big enough to suppress discontent and revolt, or stifle the voice of the social rebel, for even in prison—aye, in the very grave—his silence speaks loud.

A Menace to Profit

FOR several years past Emma Goldman has been lecturing, among other subjects, on "Limitation of Family" and advising the workers why and how not to have many children. Now Comrade Goldman is facing trial for propagating superior quality in human stock as against inferior quantity.

The manufacturer needs "hands" for his factories. The State needs cannon fodder to protect the manufacturer, its partner. Together they share the profits.

Where do the workers come in? Well, they supply the "hands." Their women folk must also supply the bodies.

Every boss needs cheap labor. When the supply is plentiful, things are *cheap*. Therefore the boss is strong for large workingmen families. (His own is generally small).

The State needs soldiers. Therefore every ruler and governor wants the "common people" to breed and multiply.

Hence the arrest of such women as Margaret Sanger and Emma Goldman. Their agitation is a menace to profit.

Press Fakes

AN "enterprising" Associate Press man sent out the report the other day that he interviewed me in New York in re Jean Crones. According to that report, I condemned Crones in unmeasured terms and denied that he is an Anarchist.

The reporter seems not to have been troubled in the least by the irrelevant little circumstance that I happen to be in San Francisco and have been here for months. The story, more stupid than amusing, was of course purely a fake. But it is characteristic of the daily press: it is the stuff the good reading public is fed on regularly.

Jean Crones

BUT who is Jean Crones? Is he an Anarchist? Why did he try to poison the prelates of Church and State?

I have been asked these questions by many people, friends and otherwise.

I don't know Jean Crones. He may be an Anarchist or he may not. He may have tried to "clean up house," or the whole story may be a police fabrication to hide a common case of ptomaine poisoning. Even the best restaurants dish up adulterated rotten stuff tastily prepared and nicely served. Incidentally, it is always *apropos* to start a man-hunt against Anarchists. It diverts public attention from police corruption and even gives the "guardians" added prestige and importance. Above all, it serves to "discredit" the revolutionists.

Of course, it is possible that some one, says Crones, tried to kill the Archbishop and the Governor. Well, what of it? He may have seen in those two men the representatives of two institutions in society—Church and State—inimical to the best interests of the people. Did he think that he would abolish these evil institutions by killing their chief representatives? Hardly. But he may have wanted thus to express the protest of a sensitive, tortured soul against our social injustice, stupidity and superstition. Perhaps he wanted forcibly to call the attention of the country to the official follower of the lowly Nazarene sumptuously dining while thousands of men, "images of their Maker," are dying of starvation.

May be that some one or all of these motives actuated Crones. If so, he succeeded: his purpose is accomplished.

Philosophically speaking, it is well for the stupefiers and oppressors of man to realize, now and then, that tyranny breeds tyrannicide. It is a hopeful symptom for humanity.

Legal Murderers

JOE HILL, the I. W. W. poet, was recently murdered by the governor of Utah. The murderer went scot free.

Roy J. Horton, another I. W. W. speaker, was shot to death on the streets of Salt Lake City by Major H. P. Myton, a local political bully. There was no provocation. The murderer was acquitted.

And still some people wonder why there are Jean Crones. The wonder is that there are not more of them.

Wilson the Lackey of Carranza

ON February 18 agents of the Federal Government forced their way into the office of *Regeneracion*, the revolutionary weekly of the Mexican Liberal Party, published in Los Angeles, and brutally beat up and arrested the editors of the paper, Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon.

I know Ricardo and Enrique, and I am proud to call them my comrades and friends. They are men of that rare type seldom produced outside of Russia and Mexico: men who have sacrificed social position, comfort and personal safety for the cause of the people. Men big enough to live in direst poverty in order to devote their time, ability and means to further revolution and liberty. Present-day America has failed to evolve such superior types of social consciousness. Indeed, it has not even learned to appreciate them. Their fate is misunderstanding, persecution and prison.

In spite of tremendous obstacles the Magons and their co-workers have for years been carrying on their great work. A double task faced them: to educate and organize the Mexican people into an effective weapon of revolution and, still more important—and more difficult—to enlighten the American people to the real issues involved in the Mexican uprising. It is due to a great extent to the efforts of *Regeneracion* and the Mexican Liberal Party in this country that Roosevelt and his presidential successors did not dare to interfere in Mexico.

No wonder that the activity of the Brothers Magon has proven a thorn in the flesh of the American exploiters and native oppressors of Mexico. The cry of Land and Liberty has been finding a thousand-fold echo in the bleeding hearts of the peons. Now Carranza and his henchmen have determined to stifle this rebel voice.

Repeatedly the bloodsuckers of Mexico have attempted to suppress our brave comrades. Roosevelt, then President of these free United States, used the whole power of the Federal Government to aid Perfidious Diaz in stamping out the revolutionary agitation of the Mexican Liberal Junta. Many of our brave Mexican comrades were railroaded to prison.

And now it is the learned academician in the White House who is hastening to the aid of Carranza and Wall street, to suppress the work of *Regeneracion*. They will again try to send the Magons to the penitentiary. We call on all rebels and fair-minded people not to permit this outrage.

A LETTER FROM MARIA MAGON.

Los Angeles, February 20, 1916.

Dear Comrade Berkman:

I wired you that Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon were arrested and Enrique badly beaten. Your most welcome telegram was received after considerable delay. Owing to our somewhat remote location, the messenger failed to find our place yesterday. * * * Your interest in the case of our comrades and your recommendation of bondmen are most welcome and heartily appreciated.

I want to give you some of the details of the events attending the arrest. The violence spoken of in the papers was, needless to say, started by the bulls, as usual. While in the office the minions of the law became excited by Enrique asking some one to get his hat and coat. They began to abuse and manhandle him, and when he resented their abuse, they pounced upon him and beat him on the head with the butt of their guns, inflicting such serious wounds that it was necessary for him to be taken to the emergency hospital. The office and shop resembled a besiegrd fort after the fracas started, for the gang had so adroitly set the scenes that while they had watched the place all day, or in fact for several days, we never noticed them until they appeared at the office. Our place is surrounded by trees, and the lackeys made their appearance about 4 o'clock. They very "courteously" served the warrant on Ricardo, who was in the office, and the trouble started a few minutes later when Enrique was called in from the house and assaulted by the bulls.

The lackeys that entered the office were five or six in number and the men in the shop were helpless onlookers while the scuffle went on, as their slightest move was met with a gun pressed to their ribs, no one being able to raise a hand, contrary to what the papers say. Ricardo and Enrique were literally dragged to a waiting auto, a block away, Enrique bleeding profusely from head to foot.

The comrades were called yesterday for preliminary hearing, but not being yet represented by a lawyer, they refused to plead. Their bond originally set at $3000, has been raised to $7500 on some flimsy excuse. No one has been able to see them except a lawyer. We expect to engage Harriman to defend them. We received a very encouraging message from Emma also.

Yours for the Cause,

MARIA MAGON.

P. O. Box 1236, Los Angeles, Cal.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that as soon as the trouble had started, a swarm of armed bulls who had been concealed in the surrounding shrubbery, sprang from every direction, rifles in hand, making threats and ready for any excuse to fire.

M. M.

Blessed Georgia

SPEAKING in opposition to the Keating-Owen child labor bill, that eminent Christian congressman, W. J. Adamson, of Georgia, the champion of the poor, down-trodden millowners of the South and of the Constitutional right of children to work themselves to death, delivered himself as follows:

"Conditions of factory life and labor in Georgia are ideal. The factory communities are model villages. They have schools, churches and libraries, all liquor, gambling and vice being strictly and effectively prohibited. We teach the children of Georgia to work because an idle brain is the devil's workshop, idle hands the devil's instrument."

Virtuous prohibition State with its little Mary Phagans, its lynchings, and child labor! The Beveridge report on conditions under which women and children slave in the cotton mill district of Georgia was so shocking that senators from the chivalrous South argued it was unfit to print or to be circulated through the mails.

The National Security League

ALDEN WARD

"WHY don't you get in touch with The National Security League?" said my friends, when they understood I was out of organized journalism into the freer field of a free-lance. "I will," I said. And I did.

When I had heard the case for The National Security League, Inc., I agreed to "write it up." When they asked me "Where?" I said: "Oh, in some weekly newspaper-magazine, I suppose."

And now I am keeping my promise. Not in the way they will like, though.

When I went to look up The National Security League, I asked as to the form and purpose and nature of the organization. I had previously formed an opinion from what I had read in the New York *Times*, but I wanted to be as fair as I could under the circumstances.

The reply was evasive. But I had confirmation of my opinion, all right. The National Security League, Incorporated, is a corporation engaged in the business of scaring the American people into creating a military Frankenstein of such proportions as to make further colonial conquests an imminent reality, and the further exploitation of "foreign fields" even more profitable than navalized England and prussianized Germany have found them to be. It is as much a corporation as the General Electric Company or the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Its stock in trade is the credulity of yourself and your neighbors; its operations are based on the gullibility of the American people, on our ancient habit of letting other people do our thinking: editors and orators, and the like.

I inquired as to the personnel of the organization. "Who is back of this thing?" is the way I put it.

The first name mentioned was that of that arch-reprobate and imperialist, the character who became President of the United States by reason of the demise of William McKinley and who, being in the manger, remained there for seven and one-half years and found the job so congenial that he has been trying to get back ever since. I won't flatter him by naming him. Every person recognizes him even at this distance. He is the man who is always in the center of all talk and fuss about the army and navy and our foreign policy and our domestic policy and race suicide and—well, most everything. His name is synonymous with the expression Big Stick.

His comrades, or fellow conspirators, include such charming characters as James M. Beck, who, having been attorney general and profited accordingly, is now engaged in the equally profitable business of Anti-Germanism; A. J. Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia, he of the Sabbath School-Boxing Ring fame; Charles J. Bonaparte, ex-secretary of the navy; Jacob M. Dickinson, ex-secretary of War; Myron T. Herrick, ex-governor of Ohio; John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University; Philander C. Knox, ex-secretary of State; George Von L. Meyer; William Fellowes Morgan, of New York; Henry L. Stimson, ex-secretary of war; Oscar S. Straus, of New York; and David Jayne Hill. These ex-cabinet appointees, together with a scattering of flattered governors of Western states, form a National Committee whose main usefulness consists in the weight of their names, the actual fussing being left to Joseph H. Choate, who having been our alleged representative at the so-called Court of St. James, and having been delightfully spoofed by our English cousins, is now more English than American, and Alton B. Parker, formerly associated with William Jennings Bryan in chasing the Presidential bee, who are respectively Honorary President and Honorary Vice-President of the corporation. To a lesser degree Robert Bacon, as Chairman of the Board of Directors, and S. Stanwood Menken, as acting President, are engaged in this same delightful occupation, assisted by a Finance Committee of professional beggars whose business it is to raise Cain and millions for agitation and battle impediments. And back of these a staff of clerks and other sorts of slaves almost as imposing as that maintained by the National Association of Manufacturers. All as busy as mischief, all engaged in scaring us into a blue funk.

Money? They have gobs of it. Probably each member of the National Committee paid in several thousands of dollars for the privilege of being in on the fun.

Today there appears a significant large advertisement in the New York *Times*, etc., as follows:

MEN AND WOMEN OF AMERICA
YOU CAN HELP!

Prepare for defense without delay.

Help the campaign for National Preparedness by giving what you can to further the work of the National Security League.

We believe America's continued existence requires obligatory universal military training for our young men, and readiness for service by them for national defense.

The League needs funds to give one hundred million people all the facts.

Congress will act only when there is a positive demand from the people. To impress upon Congress the necessity of action, the League is organizing branches to widen its influence, and desires your membership.

Send your subscription at once to the National Security League, Inc., 31 Pine Street, New York City.

We need your help!

This is the sort of advertisement which the League can pay for. The sort of advertisement I am writing for them is the sort they cannot pay for. And they are going to get plenty of the latter kind.

The weakness of the League's case is shown in the last line of their paid space squeal. "We need your help!"

Certainly the League needs your help. Unless you help them at their contemptible work of intoxicating the masses into unconsciousness, they cannot ram the miserable plot they have hatched down our throats.

The League wants publicity. How many readers of THE BLAST will help me to advertise their work (!) by shouting their crime from street to street, from ear to ear, until the stupid and the blind and the meek shall all hear and rise up to throw their agitation into their faces, with the cry: "Prepare? Of course, prepare! Prepare against our real enemies, the traitorous murderers within our own borders—You!"?

THE convention of the United Mine Workers defeated a resolution to exclude National Guardsmen and State Constabulary from membership. Though every speaker denounced the use of the National Guard in strikes, the majority contended that it would be in violation of State and Federal law to deny them admission.

A striking example of licking the boot that kicks you. Miners on strike may have the satisfaction of being shot down by fellow miners, members of the militia.

If the law compels unions to admit to membership men whom they do not want, so much the worse for the law. It is time the workers would learn to put their own manhood and interests above the law of their masters.

* * *

WE sneer at the savage who worships some idol of his own making. The law-abiding citizen who bends in obedience to any fool thing printed in a statute-book has the savage backed off the boards as a victim of superstition.

An idol is at least perfectly harmless. That's more than can be said for most laws.

Open Forum

Such articles as "What Is the Matter With Labor?" by C. E. S. Wood, cannot fail to impress the progressive element of Labor. Some of the indictments apply also to the great majority in the so-called radical movements. As for instance: "When its voice is biggest, it secretly carries its hat in its hand." etc. Acts of violence are clamorously greeted, but as soon as the consequences of such deeds are to be taken, everybody runs to cover, and piles of money are spent to prove that the actors are law-abiding citizens, and did not commit the deed, instead of proclaiming to the enemies that Labor acted in self-defense and was justified in using the same means that the exploiters apply in dealing with the discontented workers. And if the radicals are encouraging such farce in the courts, is it any wonder when such ignoramuses as the editor of *The Labor Clarion* talk about the "guilt" and "crime" of Labor?

For many years I have been of the conviction that so long as we have not the courage to apply our ideas and ideals to life, whether friend or enemy, so long will we make but little headway in having our principles accepted and respected, even among the intelligent outsiders. I have no scruples about violence or any other means of self-defense (and there are not others when it comes to the deeds of the oppressed and exploited), but when such deeds are not backed up by a moral force—the courage of our convictions—the acts will do more harm than good toward the so much desired revolution.

To promote this spirit among Labor elements and radicals should be, in my humble opinion, the object of a radical paper.

Wishing you success in your hard task, I am, fraternally yours,

Lincoln, Cal. —A. Isaac

How you ever got my name as a man so low in birth to be an anarchist I don't know. If any one gave you my name tell them that I am their friend no longer. I would be ashamed to let any of my friends or acquaintances know that an anarchist ever wrote me a letter. Hoping you or your confederates will never take the liberty to write my name again.

Everett, Wash. —C. M. Robbins

You have sent me three issues of The Blast. Being well supplied with reading stuff, I thought when I perused your first copy that it was not worth a dollar a year. I must re-inventorate, i. e., the first page of the three issues is worth the entire dollar.

Keep up the pace as set and within one year the entire capitalistic world will be throwing bricks your way. Enclosed find $1.00 and if possible begin me at your first issue.

Go after 'em. We can't all be pioneers, but we can help along a little in lesser ways. Your paper makes me young again. It has life. You are connected up with the universal dynamo. Don't let these wires rust out nor become loose in the tensions.

Janesville, Wis. —Z. O. Bowen

Your request for a subscription to The Blast is noted, but in spite of all I know as to your past record, I must decline to appropriate any of my surplus to your cause.

In my opinion you have created more discontent than you have cured, and your disturbance of the peace of Pittsburg and New York City was not productive of any good for any person, except perhaps yourself, and even that is doubtful.

I am disposed to believe in your sincerity but your remedy for social disease does not seem to me worthy of confidence. After forty years of labor and self-denial I know no other cure for the ills of the world but industry, self-control and intelligent sympathy, service and sacrifice for others.

New York. —Fred Gordon, Coffee Broker

The third issue of The Blast is so very good that I am sending an extra dollar for more copies. * * * I really believe the third Blast is the best revolutionary paper I have ever seen—it is so solid with facts and lacking in bombast.

Yours for a better and saner world,

Tacoma, Wash. —S. T. Hammersmarck

I thank you with my whole heart for The Blast. I confess that I have never read such deep philosophy put so plainly and simply. * * * The need of such a paper is great. The workers are beginning to realize the role they are called to play in the history of mankind. The blessed day will come. Grace to the forerunners like you and my most beloved comrade Goldman. * * * Fraternal greetings,

Hibbing, Minn.—George E. Andreytchine

Blast is good. It's splendid—serious—and discusses things in a big way. People talk of it; remember what it says. Blast is unique. Hope you'll keep it up and even grow.

Los Angeles. —Luke North

MEETINGS AND LECTURES

Under this heading announcements will be made free of charge to Labor and Radical Organizations.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB meets every Friday, 8 p. m., at Averill Hall, 1256 Market, opposite City Hall. No lecturing. Discussion of important events of the week. Musical selections. Admission free.

JOLLY SOCIAL AND DANCE, every *first Saturday* of the month, by the Current Events Club, Averill Hall.

WALTER HOLLOWAY, Rationalist, Phelan Building, Sundays, 8 p. m.

OPEN FORUM, every Thursday evening, Averill Hall. Free discussion.

BENEFIT Entertainment for Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Suhr, wives of our comrades now in Folsom penitentiary, Saturday evening, February 26th, at Woodmen's Hall, 3345 Seventeenth Street. Beer and Refreshments. Admission 25c. Auspices Solidarity Club.

The Anarchist Propaganda Group of Philadelphia announces the opening of its Library at 813 North Franklin Street. Visitors welcome. Communications to be addressed to the Secretary, at above address.

An Event in San Francisco

International Commune Festival

In Commemoration of the Paris Commune of 1871

Saturday, March 18, 1916, 8 P. M.

AVERILL HALL

1254 Market Street Opposite City Hall

Select Musical Program SPEECHES

Admission 15c